Eighteen

Shayna Citrenbaum
slc02011@mymail.pomona.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarship.claremont.edu/passwords
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarship.claremont.edu/passwords/vol12/iss2/3

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Claremont at Scholarship @ Claremont. It has been accepted for inclusion in Passwords by an authorized administrator of Scholarship @ Claremont. For more information, please contact scholarship@cuc.claremont.edu.
Eighteen
Shayna Citrenbaum

Dirt is made for the skinny skin-kneed
child in my heart, the child who
does not cry out but whimpers
as she watches me wade through the
awkward bog of waking, of becoming,
dappled by in-between dreams in
the limbo between present and future, in
the tension between hope and despair.
Along the absurd string tying me to things now unknown.
I feel her ragged breathes with every
impossible splitting of my heart down the sides
(reassuring, though it is.)
She whimpers for tall grass
For four mile an hour sunset skies
She whimpers for sweet dinnertime light, sorry bedtime light
(only sorry that the sun had set.)
She whimpers for times when dirt was just dirt
When it was just covered me and did not infect me.
Did not turn me ugly from the inside out.
But here I am, in the achingly clear air
East of the sweet golden haze of childhood.
East of sunburnt lemonade flavored afternoons
East of innocence, oh but to take me west again
would claw out the blighted line between innocence and ignorance
So take me east, out into the naked places where
the stars don’t come out and the wild geese aren’t made for chasing.